The Daily Times.

Published Every Day in the Year by the Times Publishing Company, Office 326 East Main street, Richmond, Va.

THE DAILY TIMES, delivered in city by carriers at 12 cents per week. Leave address at the office or send it by postal card.

BY MAIL $5.00 A YEAR.

ADVERTISING RATES:

ONE INCH OF TWELVE LINES.

ONE TIME	$ 1 00
TWO TIMES	1 90
THREE TIMES	2 50
SIX TIMES	4 50
TWO WEEKS	7 50
ONE MONTH	14 00
TWO MONTHS	24 00
THREE MONTHS	32 00

Auction Sales, Legal Notices and Amusement Advertisements $1 per inch each insertion.

THE WEEKLY TIMES, by mail, postage paid,—one year, $1; six months, 50 cents; three months, 25 cents.

Entered at the Richmond (Va.) Postoffice as second-class matter.

WEDNESDAY - - NOVEMBER 14

LET US HAVE PEACE.

If Mr. Murat Halstead can affect conservatism the example ought to act on any Republican in the North, for it shows that according to that high authority the times have changed and gone beyond sectional hate and prejudice. There will be no idea at all in the plea that the South draws a sectional line in politics, because the Southern Democracy agree with the real conservatism all over the North and West on the great economic question which was the issue in the recent contest. If the two great parties can fight each other on such questions as the tariff, the country need have no fear of any trouble that could disturb the even tenor of our way as citizens of a free Republic; and it is in the power of the dominant party to make party questions such that both sides shall always preserve a patriotic regard for the principles that rule all, and first among these principles is the rights of communities under the local governments which hold the principle of the dual character of the Government. When the people of the United States feel safe in that their pride in the grandeur of the National Government is greater, and we feel the security from any mortal power without and a sense of peace and good will at home. Since the close of the great struggle of twenty-three years ago there has been no such opportunity as now for the North to accomplish that victory of peace which will be greater than the triumph of war, and it can be done by both parties in Congress showing an appreciation of the feeling that is in every American's heart, South and North—a feeling for the right and justice and manhood in our system, things that we can have under the American system and could not under any other. The Southern question in the local character of the Southern Democracy need not worry the country if the party holding all the branches of the Government will take hold of the case in a high patriotic American sense, instead of as simply politicians seeking to keep a party in power by illogical and tyrannical methods.

We read in numerous Northern papers that the carpet-bagger will have no show with Mr. Harrison.

He certainly has been the reproach of the Republican party and it is to be hoped that he will cease to exist with the lapse of the occasion out of which he was born. It is time that the camp followers and kites of twenty years ago were gone and the country relieved of heir ugly presence. It is not a question of an attempt to Republicanize the South, but to keep it American and patriotic, whether Democratic or Republican, and that is what the party holding the Government next March ought to comprehend.

We republished yesterday the article we compiled with great care last spring showing minutely the advantages that Richmond possesses to make a fine modern hotel a great success, and the points made have been strong enough to show conclusively that, besides a necessity, there is a great advantage in drawing Northern tourists to this point.

The comparison of temperatures, as we showed by an official table furnished by the Weather Bureau, gives Richmond the advantage over all points north and west of us all during the winter. The advantage is not only in respect to temperature, for we enjoy more sunshine in winter than any other city in the whole country.

Being a day's travel from New York and twenty-four hours from Florida, Richmond is the most convenient as well as the most comfortable stopping place, and if she has an elegant modern hotel; which will be a social headquarters to a great extent, there can be no doubt about what in such enterprises is called the "boom."

The New York *Zeitung* has a lurid story of Nicolas Wassilyi and his ghastly career in Paris when he murdered eight women in the same horrible manner as the Whitechapel fiend.

The description is minute and the identity of the man with the London murderer appears as certain as a narration of circumstances could make it.

The dynamite cruiser Vesuvius has shown that she can steam twenty-seven knots in an hour, and she carries ten-inch dynamite guns. And still some people think that we could have war.

THE SOUTH.

The people of the Southern States have been acknowledged all over the North, except at election time, as showing a great deal of loyalty, and the old soldiers have been quite enthusiastic at times over the sentiments of reconciliation.

The truth is that when the South was put on parole, so to speak, the whole people recognized the situation frankly and manfully, and ever since then have been ready to show a patriotic comprehension of the high destiny of a free country reunited after a civil war induced by certain causes that have ceased to exist. The idea of the right of secession and the institution of slavery have been settled by war, and the people will feel more secure if a common interest in one great country, composed of kindred people, can make that reconciliation complete. All the white people of the United States understand what the paramount American idea is, and the Southern Democrats are more thoroughly American than the Southern Republicans. We remember what terrific strains we can stand, for even after the civil war the people felt that there is ingrained in all of us and born in us a deep belief in the American idea of popular government.

The Confederacy professed that, or it never could have done what it did, and the paroled Confederate felt after the close that there was something to look to.

After the usurpation of Hayes the people submitted simply because they knew there was a remedy and that in the flexible nature of our politics things would adjust themselves rightly. The narrow margin by which Cleveland was elected after such a precedent showed that the Presidency could be stolen, and the quiet way in which the result was accepted shows again the vital instinct of the people towards the right, an instinct that may be outraged to some extent, but is too strong and healthy to trifle with too far.

So we conclude that if politicians will only recognize that higher law the country is still and is always safe.

If in one day we can peacefully and in good temper transfer the Government from one party to another by a vote of a few thousand in a population of sixty millions, it looks as if we could remedy all wrongs in reasonable time.

The Whitechapel murderer in London reminds one of De Quincy's "Avenger" and other blood-curdling romances, including "Nick of the Woods," which, in boyhood's happy hour, some citizens of Richmond say they have seen on the boards of the Richmond Theatre, performed by star actors. The motive in the London mystery is doubtless the same as in the two romances—which, of course, were to some extent founded on facts. A man became insane from the passion of revenge, and preserves cunning enough to commit numerous crimes without detection and in the most atrocious manner. That any but a lunatic could perform the ghastly tricks of the London murderer is incredible.

The decision of the United States Supreme Court in the Bell telephone case is to the effect that the Government has a remedy in case of a wrong perpetrated against itself, and that a patent is not quite so ironclad as to be held in spite of charges that it was wrongfully obtained. The opinion is interesting, also, as referring to the wrong to the public when it is made to suffer by a fraud perpetrated by a technicality.

This has been a remarkable case and it has lasted long, but the interest in it has been well sustained, as the public would like to see some competition in a machine of such general use as the telephone.

The United States Supreme Court has decided that one of its justices can imprison a man for contempt without any remedy on the part of the man.

Judge Terry of California was given six months for contempt of court, and appealed to the Supreme Court on the ground that he had had no hearing and no trial, but the court held that the Judge was right and that Terry must serve out his term.

An owl was shot on Boston Common the other day, and the metropolis of culture mourns that the assassin did not appreciate his own responsibility or the wisdom of the bird.

The owl came to catch English sparrows, and at the rate of a dozen a day, with an example to owls to settle there for a living, a Boston paper intimates that sparrows could soon have ceased to exist and a good thereby attained without any responsibility for cruelty.

Perhaps the poor man who has been persuaded to vote for Harrison will now have time to reflect on what the party of monopoly will do. One of the first things is to offer premiums of 30 per cent. to the rich by investing the surplus in buying unmatured bonds.

Think of that by all means, you groaning sinners, and after you pay twice as much as you should for your clothes then remember that the difference goes to give that premium to the rich bondholder.

The *Herald* estimates that a Presidential election costs the people $500,000,000.

How about a Congressional election when Congress holds up protection and surplus and taxes everybody on the necessary articles of life?

CREAM OF THE PRESS.

OPINIONS ON LEADING TOPICS BY LEADING WRITERS.

The Bell Telephone Case—Mahone and Anti-Mahone—The Full Swing—The Harrison Tradition—The South and the Republicans—What It Costs the Country.

HOW LONG?—Suppose that we accept as correct the statement that the Democratic position on the tariff question beat the party in the elections of this week—what does it prove? Simply that combination of favored interests has proved itself too strong for the people who are not in the combination. It is the triumph of a political "trust"; a victory for a consolidation of interests that "pooled their issues" to win the fight. It is unreasonable to believe that a success thus won can long be maintained in a government controlled by the people and for the whole people—a government that has neither the moral nor the legal right to bestow its favors upon one or more classes of its people at the expense of the others.

* * *

BELL TELEPHONE.—The opinion of the Supreme Court of the United States, as rendered through Justice Miller yesterday afternoon in what is commonly known as the Bell telephone case, is of great interest, as settling several points that have been long and pertinaciously contested, and of great importance not only by reason of the magnitude of the interests immediately involved, but as fixing a principle governing the same general question.

The decision of the Circuit Court of Massachusetts sustaining the demurrer of the Bell Company to the Government's suit is hereby reversed, and the case is remanded with instructions that the United States is the proper plaintiff in the action; that proceedings were properly instituted in a court of equity, and that the Government has the same jurisdiction in the premises that it has in proceedings to set aside land patents.—Washington Post.

* * *

MAHONE AND ANTI-MAHONE.—The Richmond correspondent of the *New York Sun* describes the fight for recognition between the Mahone men and the Anti-Mahone men, and says that it is principally on claims of service:

"The Mahone men ask: 'What was Mr. John S. Wise, one of your Anti-Mahone men, doing on election day? He voted early and then went off hunting.' The other side respond: 'What was Mahone himself doing on election day? Finding that he could not get in, he was using all his efforts to defeat Langston, the colored Republican nominee, just because Langston would not submit to ring rule.' Then the Anti-Mahone men bring out their trump card, and say: Our Anti-Mahone man, ex-Governor Cameron, was of importance enough to be called out to Indiana to speak for the Republican party."

* * *

THE FULL SWING.—Give the Republicans the full swing of power and they will not be wanting in caution. With everything in their own hands, they will feel the pressure of responsibility. The President and Congress cannot then bandy accusations, designed to shift the blame for duties neglected or badly performed. Their party alone, will be justly held to account for all bad laws passed when they have supreme control. We may, therefore, expect that the Republican leaders of the Senate and House, with the Republican President, will be circumspect in their words and acts. Talking for effect will be out of order after March 4th next.—Journal of Commerce.

* * *

THE HARRISON TRADITION.—But there are high considerations of policy, as well as political traditions in General Harrison's family, which invite him to a conservative course. Soon after the elder Harrison's inauguration, in 1841, Daniel Webster, Secretary of State, issued in the President's name a circular to the heads of executive departments informing them that the President considered it "a great abuse to bring the patronage of the Government into conflict with the freedom of elections." The circular went on to say that President Harrison would regard "partisan interference in popular elections" or "the payment of any contribution or assessment on salaries or official compensation for party or election purposes" on the part of any officer or employe of the Government as "cause for removal."—Philadelphia Record.

* * *

THE SOUTH AND THE REPUBLICANS.—Elsewhere we reproduce from the New York *Times* a just, calm, and practical view of the relations of the South to the Union under the changed political conditions which will begin with the administration of General Harrison. As will be observed, the *Times* maintains that the expressed fear of certain Southern newspapers that the old "carpet bag *regime*" is to be reinaugurated, and that the white people of the South are to be again menaced with "negro domination," is altogether without foundation, and that no such danger is threatened.—Baltimore Herald.

* * *

WHAT IT COSTS THE COUNTRY.—"The cost to the country," says Mr. Depew, "of a presidential election is almost incalculable." Nor does Mr Depew consider in this mere disbursements of money what is needed for campaign purposes, and so on. In that, as he justly observes, the money is not lost, but distributed. It comes and goes, and in the long run contributes to the general good. The actual loss arises from the stoppage of business and labor. Mill owners and merchants keep within necessary demands. Enterprises either pause or are abandoned. Estimating the volume of business during the four months of a presidential campaign as five thousand millions of dollars and the depreciation at ten per cent., the country, in the opinion of Mr. Depew, endures a loss of five hundred millions as the cost of a canvass.—N. Y. Herald.

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The *Tribune* says, in speaking of the South:

"But Congress will need to consider the wisdom of some provision to secure through Federal courts, or other non-partisan tribunal, redress for the people of any congressional district who may be thus threatened with robbery of their rights. It is plain that the process of contesting seats before the House, after its organization, affords little remedy agsinst frauds, by which the organization of that body at the outset may be secured. Definite means might be provided for determining in courts of law the prima facie rights of candidates, wherever an attempt is made to defeat the will of the people by false returns of fraudulent certificates."

SOME QUEER OLD BOOKS.

Volumes of Peculiar Interest—Old Relics in Bible Lore.

In the department of different church exhibits at the Cincinnati centennial are some rare old wonders. Two hundred and forty-two languages and dialects are represented in book and pamphlet form, one unique pamplet of sixty-four pages alone representing 195 specimen verses from versions in different languages and dialects in which the Holy Scriptures have been printed and circulated by the American Bible society and the British and Foreign Bible society. This is the second edition enlarged. A work of peculiar interest is an ancient Hebrew synagogue roll, 500 years old, containing the Book of Esther, with a beautifully carved ivory distaff.

A queer looking German Bible, stained and worn, though still in a state of remarkable preservation, lying open, with ancient book mark in place, is the property of Mrs. Barbara Grieck, 97 McMicken avenue, Cincinnati. This Bible is 276 years old, was printed in Luther's college town, just 100 years after Luther was made an LL.D. It is a quarto volume founded on Luther's text, and is accompanied by a comment on obscure passages. It is illustrated after the highest style of German art engraving of the Sixteenth century, as taught and practiced by Albrecht Duever and Hans Holbein. The artist revels in the mystical announcements of the Apoculypse. He shows the angels sounding their trumpets and plagues descending upon the sons of man, as an authentic specimen of German wood engraving in the beginning of the Seventeenth century. The volume is bound in stiff boards, covered with heavy old leather, with beveled brass corners and leather buckle clasp. This ancient Bible has been in the family for eleven generations.

A copy of the "Mathews Bible" is another curiosity. This was published in 1539. A large part of this edition was burned by the order of the Inquisition, only 1,500 copies finding their way into circulation. The editor was John Rogers, the English martyr, whose picture for so many years adorned the pages of the New England primer. This copy was printed in 1551, and from its size was commonly called the Great Bible. Another copy is a Geneva Bible, sometimes called "The Old Breeches Bible," from the curious rendering of Genesis iii, 7: "They sewed fig leaves together and made themselves breeches." The first edition was published in the city of Geneva from, it is said, silver type in 1560. It was the most popular of all versions in England for sixty years. It was prepared and published under the supervision of Calvin, Knox, Whittingham and Coler. This copy was printed in London in 1560, and is the property of Wm. Gibson, of the Gibson house, Cincinnati.

Still another relic in Bible lore is a copy of the first edition of the famous "Bishops' Bible." This is the first authorized English version, and continued in use among the people for a long time after the publication of King James' version. This relic was loaned to the Young Men's Bible society (in whose exhibit were also these other books mentioned) by the Lane seminary.

One case of curious relics in this church department is the exhibit of a returned Chinese missionary, Mrs. J. M. Shaw, whose husband died in China. This exhibit belongs to the Presbyterian Missionary society of the Cincinnati presbytery. A Chinese picture book, compiled 600 years ago, is among the mementoes. This book was widely known and read, and contains incidents supposed to have been taken from the lives of real persons who lived 600 and 700 years ago. Translated is the following, as an illustration of contents: "Lai's parents were very old, and fearing that they might be downhearted, he, when he was 70 years old, put on a bright flowered tunic and performed childish antics before them to make them forget that they were old."

There is also a rare old Chinese Testament, published on rice paper.—Detroit Free Press.

A Pet Starling Talks.

While the residence of Mrs. Davis, on Penn avenue, was the scene of a dancing party the other evening, and during a waltz, a pet starling came fluttering into the room. He planted himself on the piano.

"What kind of a bird is that, anyhow?" said somebody. "He is dark, steel blue, with light spots on his breast."

"H'm! don't you know?" said somebody else. "It is a thrush. I should think any one could tell that."

Professor Guenther, who was at the piano, remarked: "I have heard that Mrs. Davis brought that bird from Germany four years ago, and I am sure it is a thrush, a bird that has the sweetest note, next to the nightingale, of any feathered singer I know of."

When the professor was about to make his last remark in defense of his assertion that the bird was a thrush, the fellow in feathers suddenly startled: "Shut up!" with such vehemence and eclat that the stillness of a grave could not have been more noticeable than what followed.

Mrs. Davis came forward and explained the whole thing. "The bird," she said, "is a starling that I brought from Germany four years ago. When the starling is young it can be taught to speak, which is done by making a skillful incision in a thin membrane under the tongue. That was done with this bird, and he can talk a great deal. But besides that, he is very tame. He flies all over the city, and to Allegheny, and often he is away for several days, but he always returns again."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Man of Resources.

An interesting figure in one of the leading restaurants in this city is that of an old man, shabbily yet cleanly dressed, whose deportment indicates that he has seen better days. His manners are most courageous and gentlemanly, and though his dress reveals poverty, there is an indescribable something about him which enforces respect. He walks into the restaurant in question in the morning, sits down when he can at a table already almost fully occupied, studies the bill of fare long and carefully, and finally orders some such modest repast as biscuits and coffee. He is quite as deliberate after he has been served as he was before, and bites his biscuit and sips his coffee slowly. He generally lingers at the table long after those whom he found seated have departed, and the waiters who have watched him—though none of them are inclined to hurt the old gentleman's feelings—notice that a roll left by one or a morsel of meat left by another is daintily forked by the old gentleman after the others have left. Thus he gets a hearty breakfast frequently, though his order is generally meager.—Albany Journal.

Mrs. Burnett and Her Family.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has returned to America after an absence of eighteen months abroad. Her two sons, Lionel and Vivian, aged 14 and 12, were with her, but have now gone to their father in Washington. Dr. Burnett is an oculist of reputation, and a man of more than ordinary intelligence. He married Mrs. Burnett in Tennessee, before she had made her present reputation, and by his judicious guidance has been of incalculable help to her in her professional career. Mr. Burnett is a pronounced blonde, while her husband is as decided a brunette.—Harper's Bazar.

AN AFRICAN ELECTION

HOW THEY MANAGE THOSE THINGS AT DURBAN, NATAL.

The Contests Lack Some of the Thrillingly Picturesque Features of the Elections of the United States, but They Are Not Without Interest After All.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Nov. 6.—A few months ago I was fortunate enough to witness in Durban, Natal, a hotly contested election to fill a vacancy in the legislative council of the colony. Compared with the patriotic turmoil that has been in progress in this country for many weeks the wild excitement, modest methods and narrow scope of that little election on the far away shores of the Indian ocean were tame indeed. But for me the unaccustomed system and surroundings of that spectacle possessed far greater interest than do the thrilling incidents of the present mighty struggle between the princes of darkness and the angels of light in the United States. And to the professional patriots directly concerned I dare say the issue was quite as momentous.

For the benefit of those readers unfamiliar with Rider Haggard's novels and the geography of the dark continent, I may state that Durban is the only seaport of the English colony of Natal, situated on the south east coast of Africa, about midway between the cape of Good Hope and Mozambique—sandwiched like a slice of Dutch cheese encompassed by black bread between the two unenlightened, unannexed provinces of Zululand and Pondoland. Something larger than the state of New York in area, the colony has a population of about 40,000 English, or Europeans, and from 300,000 to 400,000 native Kaffirs, which latter element is literally too numerous to mention with any degree of exactitude. The town of Durban has a population of about 8,000 whites and as many more Kaffirs, coolies and Arabs.

Natal is a crown colony; that is to say, its executive officers are appointed, its government administered and its policy directed by the English crown—or its representatives in Downing street. The colonial secretary, colonial treasurer, colonial engineer, secretary for native affairs, attorney general, etc., executive officers who receive their commissions and instructions from the crown, occupy seats in the legislative council and practically direct the deliberations and policy of that body. The council consists of only one body, two-thirds of its members being elected by the people. I am afraid the obsequious manner in which these elective members defer to the desires of their executive colleagues would make the blood boil in the veins of the fiery, untamed legislator who holds forth at Washington.

Sir Arthur Havelock is the present governor of the colony and receives a salary of $20,000 a year, besides the use of "government house" at Pietermaritzburg, the capital, and a country place at Sydenham, with other emoluments of the character that make the British foreign service so desirable for an impecunious aristocracy.

It came to pass in July last that Mr. Harvey Greenacre, one of the three members for Durban in the legislative council, resigned his seat in that body and departed for England. Thereupon arose a friendly rivalry for the honor of filling the vacant chair between one T. P. Saunders, a sugar planter, and Mr. Charles R. Dacomb, a retired publican who had made a fortune in Transvaal gold mining speculations and set himself up as "a gentleman." Mr. Dacomb proclaimed himself the "diggers' candidate," and advocated the revision of the colonial mining laws, while Mr. Saunders appealed to the more conservative element and was the favorite of the old settlers.

Between these gentlemen the canvass was progressing quietly and peacefully enough until the Workingmen's association, an active political organization under the leadership of an energetic Irishman, introduced into the campaign a new candidate and a "burning issue." This new candidate was one John Fyfe King, a gunsmith of limited education and unlimited confidence and ambition, who plunged into the contest and doggerel verse with a vim that was edifying and sublime.

The "burning issue" was very similar to the Chinese problem which has agitated the Pacific states, and is now pressing for solution in the Australian colonies, and was called "the coolie question." "Is this to be an English or an Asiatic colony?" was the question propounded by the workingmen's candidate, on the stump and in flaming and sensational posters that everywhere greeted the public eye, and on every hand was taken up and re-echoed the cry, "The coolies must go!"

To understand this coolie question you must know that in the days of infant industries the Natal government had imported from the districts of Calcutta and Madras large numbers of low caste coolies to work on the sugar and tea plantations of the colony. Those laborers were skilled in the cultivation of sugar cane, the tea plant and the coffee berry, and were much cheaper than white and more reliable than Kaffir labor. They came under indentures of from seven to fifteen years, and were practically slaves for that period. At the expiration of their indentures the coolies repair to the towns and apply themselves diligently to market gardening, fishing and domestic service. Being very frugal and industrious, they have acquired a monopoly of these employments, to the serious alarm of white workmen, who see themselves threatened with ruin by coolie cheap labor. Personally the coolie is not possessed of qualities calculated to endear him to the English heart, as he scrupulously maintains his native customs, costume and religions, and morally is little superior to Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee." He shows no disposition to accept European civilization, and in truth has little encouragement to do so.

But when the Workingmen's association began actively to agitate the question of returning the coolies to India, the proposition met the serious opposition of the planters, who claimed protection for their vested interests and asserted that their plantations could not be cultivated without coolie labor, while the conservatives doubted the constitutionality of the proposed measure, inasmuch as the coolies are British subjects and have as much right in Natal as the English have in India. And while the controversy waxed warm between these factions the dusky Hindoo pursued his peaceful vocations, apparently unconscious of the turmoil he was exciting.

So the campaign, which had opened so tamely, increased in interest, stimulated by sundry public meetings and an active personal canvass. These public meetings are a great institution in Natal, and are the inevitable resource of the populace when their minds are burdened with any question of public policy. On receiving a petition signed by a certain number of rate payers the mayor is in duty bound to call a public meeting, to be held at the town hall, and to personally preside over it. All able bodied citizens of the town consider themselves in duty bound to attend such meetings and to make as much noise as possible—commendatory or censorious, according as the orator appeals to their sympathies. I attended several of these meetings and never failed to see some unpopular spouter actually howled down and squelched by the mob—probably in pursuance of the boasted British love of "fair play." In fact, this kind of treatment was so frequently accorded to the partisans of poor old Mr. Saunders, himself an employer of coolie labor, that it soon became evident that he was out of the race, and the battle resolved itself into a contest between the workingmen's candidate and Mr. Dacomb, who had managed to keep clear of the coolie controversy and was running on the strength of his personal popularity with "the boys."

When election day arrived the little town had been worked into a fever heat of excitement, and every Durbanite wore the colors of his favorite candidate. Mr. Saunders had adopted buff, the friends of Mr. King wore red and Mr. Dacomb's partisan's were distinguished by blue ribbons. The voting was to continue for two days, and the only polling place was opened in the court house, a fine old stone building surrounded by spacious and beautiful public gardens. The headquarters of the several candidates were established in as many booths in the grounds outside the court house, gayly decorated with their partisan colors and abundantly provided with solid and liquid refreshments, which were freely dispensed "where they would do the most good." After refreshment the intelligent elector was ushered into an adjoining booth, where the candidate's literary bureau was established, and where he was provided with a large printed ticket bearing the name of his choice, which he was required to sign with his name and address; then he was conducted by the "worker" up the court house steps, past a line of constables, into a room where three magistrates sat enthroned in the majesty of the law, with black gowns and powdered wigs, to whom his ticket is delivered. There is no ballot box, but the name and preference of the voter is recorded in a big book. Every half hour official bulletins similar to the following are issued:

State of the poll at 11.30 a. m.:
King, 91; Dacomb, 89; Saunders, 67.

As each bulletin was posted the friends of King and Dacomb were spurred to renewed efforts and hastened off in trops and omnibuses to pick up dilatory electors. At noon on the first day the employes of the government railway marched to the polls in a body, headed by a brass band playing "Suwannee River," and selections equally appropriate, and cast their votes solidly for King. Ten minutes later the employes of The Natal Mercury drove up in traps, amid the cheers of the "blues," and reversed the temporary advantage gained by the "reds." There was a steady nip and tuck fight between the two leading candidates until the poll closed, at 4 p. m. on the second day, when it was generally known that Mr. King was elected. Nevertheless the whole populace of the town assembled in front of the court house and awaited the official announcement from the lips of Judge Finnemore that "John Fyfe King having received a plurality of four votes was declared duly elected," etc. Then amid cheers and much good natured noise the crowd dispersed to their homes and the neighboring public houses.

But the coolie question is not settled yet, and I very seriously doubt whether John Fyfe King will be able to accomplish a successful solution.

According to The Government Gazette of Aug. 28 there are 2,422 names on the voters' roll of Durban, "of whom 98 are Indians and 5 are Chinamen. The rest are Europeans, 167 of whom are 'lodgers.'" This leads The Natal Mercury to remark that "it follows that about one-fourth of the white inhabitants of Durban are electors, qualified either by property or income, or proprietors, renters or lodgers, to exercise the full rights of citizenship." It should be remembered that three-fourths of the population of Durban are males, and that the "full rights of citizenship" consist simply of the privilege of voting for members of the legislative council and the town council. The people have no voice in the selection of judges or executive officers. Even the mayor is chosen by the town council.

For members of the town council none but rate payers are allowed to vote, but "lodgers" possessing an income of £100 a year may vote for representatives in the legislative council. In Natal a man may vote in a district in which he is not a resident, providing he has property there. Indeed, Mr. Sutton, a member of the legislative council, is a resident of Harrismith, in the Orange Free State, but as he owns property in Natal he is permitted to vote in and legislate for the colony.

An American citizen who visits the petty Dutch republics of South Africa feels frequently called upon to blush for republican institutions, so called, as they exist in those provinces. In the Transvaal, or South African republic, Paul Kruger—Oom Paul, as he is called by the honest burghers—the nominal president, is a real dictator. He is a disciple of the great Bismarck, and the manner in which he bullyrags and domineers over the weak and imbecile volksraad would rejoice the heart of the man of blood and iron. Last winter he granted a "concession" to a friend of the exclusive right to manufacture dynamite and gunpowder in the colony for the next fifty years, and then coolly informed the raad of his action. Some faint protests in that body were sternly suppressed, and then Oom Paul proceeded to give out similar concessions to other friends. Among the legislation enacted at the last session of the volksraad at Pretoria were laws forbidding the use of any other than the Dutch language by government officials, and prohibiting the driving of horses or oxen on Sundays.

The Transvaal has recently made an alliance, offensive and defensive, with the Orange Free State. Both countries are very jealous of their English neighbors, and have so far refused to permit the construction of railways within their borders, preferring the primitive old ox wagon transport system, 300 miles from the sea, over bad roads and bridgeless rivers, to the introduction of modern improvements and English gold hunters.

The government of the Orange Free State is very similar to that of the Transvaal, though it has been a little more liberally administered. In the death of Johannes Henricus Brand, which occurred last August, the Free State suffered the loss of a wise and able president, who held the office for over twenty-four years, and was universally respected and beloved throughout south Africa. At the time when he was chosen to the presidency Mr. Brand was a resident of the Cape Colony, and had never been a citizen of the Free State. On Aug. 30 the raad nominated Chief Justice F. W. Reitz, a Conservative, for his successor, and at the election which occurs on Dec. 18 next the burghers will confirm the nomination.

C. C. HUNT.

A Pleasant Evening.

Young Husband (going out for the evening)—You won't miss me, will you darling?

Young Wife—Oh, not the slightest. I shall have the dog Fido to keep me company. Dear little fellow!—The Epoch.